

La Fliche (J. G. de)

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A N
E S S A Y
U P O N T H E
P E A C E O F 1783.

D E D I C A T E D T O
T H E A R C H B I S H O P O F P A R I S .

T R A N S L A T E D F R O M T H E F R E N C H O F
T H E R E V . J . F L E T C H E R ,
L A T E V I C A R O F M A D E L E Y , S A L O P .

B Y T H E R E V . J . G I L P I N ,
V I C A R O F W R O C K A R D I N E , S A L O P .

" B L E S S E D A R E T H E P E A C E - M A K E R S . "

MATTH. v. 9.

L O N D O N :

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AN ESSAY

UPON THE

PRACTICE OF

DEDICATED TO

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

THE REV. F. L. T. C. H. R. E.

LAMBERT, OF MONTMARTRE

AND

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TH E following Translation was undertaken at the Request of many who were unable to read the original Essay; and though the Event which gave Rise to that Essay is now nearly forgotten, yet the Author's Sentiments will still appear new to the English Reader.

Since the French Poem first appeared, so many Additions have been made to it, that it now assumes a totally different Form. In it's present State, it is introduced as an Episode into a larger Poem, lately published, under the Title of **LA GRACE ET LA NATURE.**

It may afford some Satisfaction to the Friends of the late Rev. Mr. De la Fléchère, to know, that this little Work was begun and completed under the Direction of that venerable Man.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

The following translation was undertaken at the
request of many who were unable to read the ori-
ginal title, and though the French which gave rise to that
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form. In its present state, it is increased 2 or 3 times
into a larger form, lately published under the title of
LA GRACE EN NATURE.

It may afford some satisfaction to the French & English
Reader, to know that this little Work was
begun and completed under the Direction of that
Man.

TO THE HONOURED

MRS. MARY DE LA FLÉCHÈRE,

O. E.

MADELEY, IN SHROPSHIRE.

PERMIT Me, Madam, to lay before You the following little Effay. Only a few Weeks have elapsed, since I was about to inscribe this Translation to the revered Author of the Original; and now, it affords Me a melancholy Pleasure, to dedicate it to the dearest Friend He has left on Earth. I might here pay a mournful Tribute of Respect to my late invaluable Mentor; but I fear, lest any Expression of mine should awaken some painful Sensation in a Heart already torn to Pieces. If Grief like your's, Madam, is capable of any Alleviation, it can only be found in contemplating such Scenes, as are faintly described in the last Canto of this Poem. To the exalted Spirit of our deceased Friend, those Scenes are now realized, and his Song of Peace is changed into a Song of Triumph. Perhaps, while You read over his own Representation of a future State, your Pangs may be soothed, and your Tears, for a Moment, be dried up.

B.

I write.

I write this Page in much Dejection of Mind, conscious that the Occasion of it will renew all your Sorrows. To give any Consolation, would be an unspeakable Satisfaction; but to heighten your Distress, is a Thought *most afflicting* to,

M A D A M,

Your ever obliged,

And obedient humble Servant,

MADELEY,
August 28, 1785.

J O S H U A G I L P I N.

THE
AUTHOR'S DEDICATION

TO

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.

MY LORD,

WHEN Kings, the Pastors of the People, forget their Disputes, and are reconciled to each other in the Sight of Europe, much rather should Ecclesiastics, the Pastors of Souls, who are peculiarly obliged to procure Peace, forget their particular Diffensions, and shew Themselves a public Example of that Christian Charity, which breathes Benevolence to all Mankind, and honours the Virtuous of every Nation. While your mandatory Epistle, worthy the Humanity of a French Nobleman, and the Charity of the first Prelate of the Gallic Church, was circulating upon the Banks of the Seine, in Order that Peace might flourish between France and England; a little Poem, on the same happy Peace, had it's Birth upon the Banks of the Severn. There, an English Divine, without being conscious of it, was the Echo of those Vows which You were then making in Paris. Permit Him, my Lord, to dedicate to you this Work: It is written in your own
4 Language;

Language; it seconds your pacific Views; and reminds the English of French Generosity. With that Virtue, my Lord, which so eminently shines in your benevolent Mandate, I could not but be sensibly affected; and it is to testify my Admiration of your Lordship, that I now cast my Poem at your Feet, as a Mark of the high Esteem and profound Respect with which I am penetrated, who have the Honor to be,

MY LORD,

Your most humble,

And most devoted Servant,

MADELEY, SALON.
January 28, 1784.

J. G. DE LA FLÉCHÈRE.

A N
E S S A Y
U P O N T H E
P E A C E O F 1783.

C A N T O I.

A R G U M E N T.

The Eternal hears the Prayers of Christians—and while Peace descends from Heaven, His most Christian Majesty reflecting on the Streams of Human Blood which his Fleets, his Armies, and those of the King of England, have made to flow through the Seas of both the Indies, in America, and before Gibraltar, sacrifices his Courage to his Love for his People; and generously invites his Britannic Majesty to put a Period to the Calamities of War.

TH' Eternal Father from his radiant Throne
Now heard his People's supplicating Groan.

At once, an hundred Thousand Warriors stand,
And drop the glittering Weapon from their Hand,

C

Warn'd

Warn'd by the Christian Princes to refrain
From hostile Acts, and quit the bloody Plain.
Ye, who so long have been an hapless Prey
To thronging Armies, hail this joyful Day!
So PEACE descends! with Songs triumphal rise,
And greet Her welcome from her native Skies.
By all your long-continu'd Sorrows mov'd,
LEWIS and GEORGE their guardian Care have prov'd,
Forc'd Discord her dire Conquests to forbear,
And banish'd the Calamities of War;
Taught France and England, now no longer Foes,
On Seine's fam'd Banks their Contests to compose;
America with Europe have combin'd,
And her unconquer'd Senators with Britons join'd.

Th' astonish'd Nations shall no longer view
Such cruel Conflicts as the Thebans knew,
When the fierce Brothers met in mortal Fight,
And sunk relentless to the Shades of Night;
More equitable Chiefs they now admire,
And Warriors glowing with a nobler Fire:

Encircled

Encircled with the Wreath of Peace divine,
Our Kings the bloody Laurel pleas'd resign,
And from their generous Bosoms Vengeance tear,
That Plenty may succeed to pining Care.

‘ Let Us to warring Nations Peace restore,
‘ And plant the Olive on each wasted Shore.’
Thus BOURBON the unfriendly Silence breaks,
And in these Terms his generous Purpose speaks.
‘ Faithful Vicegerents of th’ Eternal King,
‘ Whose just Decrees from boundless Mercy spring,
‘ The raging God of War let Us withstand,
‘ And shield our Subjects from his slaughtering Hand,
‘ Who wide extending his inhuman Sway,
‘ Seizes two Worlds as his devoted Prey,
‘ And dyes the foamy Waves with streaming Blood,
‘ From the Atlantic to the Indian Flood.

‘ A generous Prince, by dangerous Counsels led,
‘ May bring deserv'd Reproach upon his Head,

‘ Should

- ‘ Should some Ahithophel, with guileful Art,
- ‘ Corrupt the Virtues of his honest Heart.
- ‘ But taught to shun the well-dissembled Snare,
- ‘ By sad Experience and unwearied Care;
- ‘ Shall We, with impious Rage, our Arms employ
- ‘ To harrafs Christians, and their Hopes destroy?
- ‘ Give up to Plunder, by our impious Word,
- ‘ Their Riches on an hundred Vessels stor’d?
- ‘ Fill their dejected Souls with wild Despair,
- ‘ And sacrifice their groaning Sons in War?
- ‘ Thrust the destructive Sword into their Hand,
- ‘ Then send them forth a fullen, heartless Band,
- ‘ To spread swift Ruin over distant Plains,
- ‘ And bind our captive Enemies in Chains;
- ‘ Train’d up in Schools of Vice to War’s dire Art,
- ‘ And in our Crimes constrain’d to bear a Part?

- ‘ Brothers in Christ, and christian Kings proclaim’d,
- ‘ May We throughout the Universe be fam’d
- ‘ For our Submission to that wounded Lamb,
- ‘ From Whom our sacred Appellations came;

‘ And while We seek the universal Good,
‘ To pagan Tyrants leave the Thirst of Blood.

‘ Hard is the Fate of Princes! doom’d to find
‘ Mentors to *his* sublime Example blind,
‘ Who to appease Mankind’s ungovern’d Rage,
‘ And their infernal Passions to assuage,
‘ Strangely forsaking his refulgent Throne,
‘ His Sceptre and his Life laid freely down;
‘ His unrelenting Enemies to save,
‘ Himself a guiltless Sacrifice *He* gave,
‘ *They* by no Ties of Equity confin’d,
‘ Destroy his People to our Care assign’d;
‘ While with empurpled Robe, vindictive Pride,
‘ With greedy Avarice ravening by his Side,
‘ The reeking Spoils to Mammon’s Altars bear,
‘ And make their horrible Oblation there:
‘ To Europe once their Fury they restrain’d,
‘ Our Seas and Fields alone, with Blood were stain’d;
‘ Now, less humane, their Thunders louder found,
‘ And carry Death to Earth’s remotest Bound.

D

‘ Those

‘ Those Tyrants of the briny Flood, who rage
‘ Along the Deep, and fearful Combats wage,
‘ Lur’d with the Bait of Carnage, speed their Way,
‘ And to our Armaments due Homage pay;
‘ About our Ships in sportive Crouds they press,
‘ And all the Warrior’s savage Joy express;
‘ On boiling Waves their horrid Gambols play,
‘ And ask of fiercer Men their bloody Prey.

‘ Let Us the Horrors of that Day review,
‘ When RODNEY and DE GRASSE their Thousands flew.—
‘ Dreadful from far the bellowing Thunders found,
‘ And scatter sudden Devastation round:
‘ Now, from the bleeding Carcase rudely torn,
‘ The shatter’d Limbs are to the Surges borne,
‘ And swift-wing’d Bolts, along the darken’d Sky,
‘ Against an hundred moving Ramparts fly.
‘ But see! the Hosts like adverse Tempests meet,
‘ And Death hangs brooding o’er the mingled Fleet;
‘ Now here, now there, the vivid Lightning flies,
‘ Pale from their Caves the unchain’d Furies rise;

‘ The

- ‘ The brazen Engines launch their deadly Stores;
‘ And underneath the troubled Ocean roars.
- ‘ Sulphureous Clouds, in smouldering Eddies sweep
‘ From the bright Surface of the flaming Deep,
‘ And roaring Bursts, by sudden Flashes led,
‘ Thro’ all the trembling World wild Terror spread;
‘ Hot purple Streams thro’ the ting’d Waters flow,
‘ Drenching the finny Tribes that wait below;
‘ While every Deck, with mangled Members strew’d,
‘ And mutilated Bodies, bath’d in Blood,
‘ One universal Slaughter-House are made,
‘ Where Human Victims glut the vengeful Blade.
‘ What horrid Massacre! what odious Fare,
‘ Do Christians for the eager Shark prepare!
‘ The Cannibal, who feasts on human Spoil,
‘ With Horror from such Carnage would recoil.
- ‘ A thousand Balls against yon Vessel sent,
‘ Her solid Sides are with the Thunders rent,
- ‘ And

‘ And as the Seamen still for Battle rave,
‘ Ingulf’d She plunges to a watry Grave.
‘ Mean-time the victor Ship, whose desperate Crew,
‘ Their burning Ensign bear aloft to View,
‘ By her own Thunders, in a Moment torn,
‘ Is in a blazing Tempest upward borne,
‘ While mingled Clamors Air and Ocean fill,
‘ The Horror and the wild Uproar of Hell.
‘ A Thousand scorching Sailors hurl’d on high,
‘ In scatter’d Fragments tumble from the Sky,
‘ And the dire Conflagration rushes down,
‘ Like the vast Ruins of a burning Town.
‘ O’er all the smoaking Wreck so widely spread,
‘ Let Us bewail the dying and the dead,
‘ And in this mingled Storm of Blood and Fire,
‘ May our Pride vanish and our Rage expire.

‘ And now, if haply the approaching Night
‘ Puts a short Period to the raging Fight,
‘ The deathful Horrors of the Day to close,
‘ Still pale and trembling the rough Sailor goes,

‘ Bewilder’d, treading over Heaps of Slain,
‘ And sweeps his slaughter’d Comrades to the Main:
‘ There, on the bloody Wave expiring cast,
‘ They glut Sea Monsters with a rich Repast,
‘ Who, darting thro’ the agitated Deep,
‘ Upon their quivering Prey impetuous leap.

‘ Less horrid was that Feast to this compar’d,
‘ Which once revengeful Atreus prepar’d.
‘ Here weeping Thoufands their lost Friends bemoan,
‘ Destin’d to fall unpitied and unknown;
‘ Thro’ every Street the hapless Mourners pass,
‘ And deep Dejection fits on every Face:
‘ Cursing these fatal Contefts, at our Hand,
‘ Sons, Brothers, Husbands, Fathers they demand;
‘ Who, from their fond Embraces sternly rent,
‘ To Misery and Death reluctant went.

‘ Here, shift the Scene; and from the foaming Main,
‘ See yon fierce Legions on the dusty Plain!

- ‘ As ripen’d Harvest to the Sickle yield,
- ‘ Those plumed Heroes soon shall spread the Field.
- ‘ Against each other rang’d in dread Array,
- ‘ The threatening Hosts their martial Pomp display;
- ‘ Presented as their brilliant Wings expand,
- ‘ Vast Trains of black Artillery dreadful stand,
- ‘ Whose Terrors all Vesuvius’ Rage exceed,
- ‘ When in tempestuous Storms He hides his Head;
- ‘ Now o’er the groaning Earth in solemn shōw,
- ‘ The heavy Engines move against the Foe,
- ‘ And arm’d with massy Thunderbolts of War,
- ‘ Beat down embattled Warriors from afar.
-
- ‘ Redoubling the Assault, from every Side,
- ‘ Volleys of Shot in fiery Tempests ride;
- ‘ Till clos’d in Ranks, impenetrably strong,
- ‘ The daring Soldiers madly press along,
- ‘ And with resistless Fury overthrow
- ‘ The broken Lines of the disorder’d Foe,
- ‘ Borne to the Earth, and wounded to the Heart,
- ‘ With Daggers form’d by an infernal Art.

‘ Advancing

‘ Advancing now, upon the tragic Scene,
‘ With martial Music and terrific Mien,
‘ Eager for Battle, rush th’ impatient Horfe,
‘ And hideous Ruin marks their rapid Courfe ;
‘ With Fire and Sword, all Order They confound,
‘ And trample routed Squadrons to the Ground.
‘ For Us, these painful Efforts they maintain ;
‘ For Us, these Fields are cover’d with the slain ;
‘ Here, ends the dying Soldier’s bootless Toil,
‘ His streaming Blood manures a foreign Soil,
‘ No weeping Friends attend his mournful Bier,
‘ But ravenous Birds his mangled Carcase tear.

‘ Nor happier They, who o’er a fallen Foe,
‘ Exulting from the Field of Battle go —
‘ Thro’ unfrequented Wilds condemn’d to stray,
‘ The Warrior still pursues his painful Way ;
‘ Struggling beneath innumerable Woes,
‘ Nor Ease, nor Hope the harrass’d Sufferer knows,
‘ And oft to Heaven directs a silent Prayer,
‘ Breath’d out with all the Anguish of Despair.

‘ Doom’d

' Doom'd to a long Variety of Pain,
 ' And from a thousand Perils fav'd in vain,
 ' Anticipating Fears his Pangs renew,
 ' And Death in every Prospect meets his view;
 ' Till fainting the forsaken Veteran lies,
 ' Where some lone Shade a dreary Tomb supplies.

' But quitting Shores, where civil Discord reigns,
 ' And falling Britons strews the tented Plains;
 ' Still on another Part, with Terror see
 ' Those hardy Bands on the tempestuous Sea!
 ' Who now resolv'd their utmost Force to try,
 ' The raging Thunders of that Rock defy,
 ' And press the Siege, unfortunately brave,
 ' From Batteries floating on the stormy Wave.
 ' Behold those Forts of formidable Name,
 ' Struck with hot Bolts, and wrapt in scorching Flame!
 ' Those bloody Scaffolds, by Ambition rear'd!
 ' Those Tophets, for inhuman Shows prepar'd!
 ' Where, boasting every Danger to outride,
 ' Our Subjects fall a Sacrifice to Pride.

‘ Stopp’d by the Waves, and by the Flames purfu’d,
‘ Some all distracted plunge into the Flood;
‘ While others in tormenting Pangs expire,
‘ On Altars blazing with sulphureous Fire.

‘ What Time, by superstitious Frenzy led,
‘ Unhallow’d Priests their guilty Offerings made,
‘ And with the warlike Sound of Cymbals, try’d
‘ The Dread of their infernal Rites to hide;
‘ E’en raging Moloch, the tremendous God,
‘ Whose Vengeance They appeas’d with human Blood,
‘ Piles so enormous was not wont to claim,
‘ So vast a Slaughter, or so wide a Flame;
‘ Such Offerings never grac’d his dark Retreat,
‘ Tho’ in the Vale of Death He fix’d his Seat.
‘ The cruel African, with pale Amaze,
‘ The deathful Tragedy from far surveys,
‘ And learns o’er tortur’d Enemies to weep,
‘ Still burning as they sink into the Deep.
‘ The trembling Moor, with wild averted Eyes,
‘ To Abyla’s rude Cliffs affrighted flies;

F

‘ And

‘ And Corfair Turks seek some barbarian Shore,

‘ The Cruelty of Christians to deplore.

‘ Soil’d with their Blood, our boasted Laurels die,

‘ And righteous Heaven receives their parting Cry.

‘ To tread the first rapacious Spoilers down,

‘ Swift Judgment fell from the celestial Throne;

‘ When the bless’d Prophet of an angry God,

‘ High o’er the general Wreck sublimely rode,

‘ And saw the Billows, with undaunted Soul,

‘ Above the Blood-stain’d Mountains threatening roll.

‘ And still, eternal Justice aims the Dart

‘ Of sacred Vengeance, at the Murderer’s Heart,

‘ Pursuing, with Anathemas divine,

‘ The perpetrated Act, and foul Design.

‘ The impious Mortal, whose vindictive Hand

‘ Is with the guiltless Blood of Man distain’d,

‘ The great Creator’s Sovereignty denies,

‘ And, in his Image, God Himself defies;

‘ Such

‘ Such Guilt no Sacrifice can purge away,
‘ But Blood for Blood the Homicide shall pay.
‘ Thus, an avenging God his Will reveals,
‘ And Providence the righteous Sentence seals,
‘ When o’er the Western Ocean, scatter’d wide,
‘ Our blooming Warriors fall on every Side.

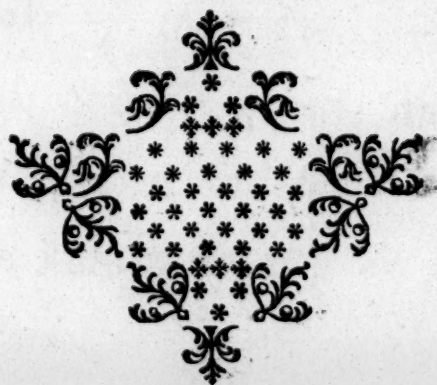
‘ As common Fathers of two States We stand,
‘ Whose native Rights our first Regards demand;
‘ ’Tis our’s, their solid Interests to befriend,
‘ Guard their Possessions, and their Lives defend.
‘ If, like rich Flocks, in our misdeeming Eye,
‘ Mankind our Wants were destin’d to supply,
‘ Yet let Us not the murdering Knife extend,
‘ But with a Shepherd’s Care their Wants attend:
‘ And let the spacious World no more appear
‘ A Circus form’d for Spectacles of War,
‘ Where mercenary Combatants engage,
‘ And stab each other with relentless Rage.

‘ It

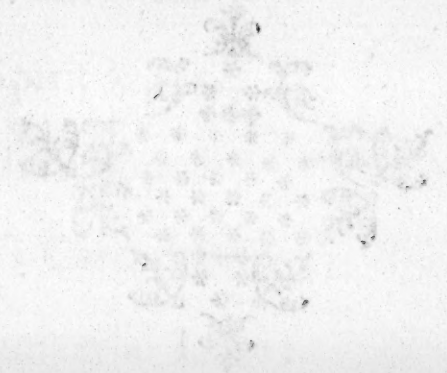
‘ It is enough ; Rocks rise, the Ocean roars,
‘ And billowy Mountains part our distant Shores ;
‘ Shall Streams of Blood between our Harbours glide,
‘ And Heaps of Slain our Palaces divide ?
‘ No ; ever free to you my Country lies,
‘ And peaceful Olives on my Coasts shall rise.
‘ That horrid Point of Honor I disclaim,
‘ Which first from lawless Gladiators came,
‘ Who, like fell Tigers, eager to destroy,
‘ In savage Conquests place their brutal Joy.
‘ No timid Fear my ardent Spirit knows,
‘ Your Power and Policy I dare oppose ;
‘ But, for my People, restless Cares I prove,
‘ Warm’d with the Fire of universal Love :
‘ And now, as with dissolving Heart, I stand,
‘ Stretching to you this reconciling Hand,
‘ Virtue revives, and my Resentment dies,
‘ To lovely PEACE a willing Sacrifice.’

Thus the brave Prince, with rising Ardors fill’d,
To Albion’s King his secret Cares reveal’d ;

Who, not less generous than his august Foe,
Feels his great Heart with Love fraternal glow,
His Vengeance to the Public Weal resigns,
And gladly in the godlike Offering joins.



Who not less generous than his angry foe
Feels his great Heart with Love eternal glow;
His Vengeance to the Public Vindictive
And gladly in the godlike Offering joins.



C A N T O II.

A R G U M E N T.

His Britannic Majesty proves the Sincerity of his Vows for Peace, by the generous Sacrifice of his Rights, and representing the Horrors of War, together with the Rapacity of mercenary Troops, considers the proper Use Kings ought to make of their Power—He reflects on the heavy Burdens under which his Subjects groan, and lamenting over the Loss of two Armies, the Royal George and the Ville de Paris, invites, in his Turn, his most Christian Majesty to assist in procuring a general Peace, which is concluded at Paris.

WHEN with rebellious Fury all-inflam'd,
 America her Independence claim'd,
 And her disloyal Sons embattled stood,
 Unmov'd by Kindness, and unaw'd with Blood;
 After a thousand fruitless Efforts try'd,
 Convinc'd, at length, of their unyielding Pride,

While

While for his Country's Woes He inly mourns,
 The British Monarch to his Rival turns,
 The common Miseries of War laments,
 And his pacific Views thus warmly paints.

‘ Great King! the generous Purpose You profess,
 ‘ My People's Wishes and my own express.
 ‘ With You, the Ills of Discord We deplore,
 ‘ With You, the Joys of Harmony implore,
 ‘ Happy, could We the lifted Sword arrest,
 ‘ And calm the agitated World to Rest.

‘ Hence, over those ungrateful Men I mourn,
 ‘ And from their wasted Towns my Forces turn.
 ‘ Let Tyrant Lords their Vassal-States subdue,
 ‘ And, with swift Vengeance, Rebel-Slaves pursue;
 ‘ Erect disgraceful Trophies o'er the slain,
 ‘ And over desolated Countries reign.
 ‘ For Me; by strong Benevolence impell'd,
 ‘ Myself I conquer, and my Claims I yield;

- ‘ Above my People’s Prejudices soar,
- ‘ And combat their Inconstancy no more.
- ‘ Perhaps, th’ Eternal Father, who foresees,
- ‘ And all Events in equal Ballance weighs,
- ‘ Avenging thus what the new World hath borne,
- ‘ From our aspiring Pride and cruel Scorn,
- ‘ In his unerring Wisdom now decrees,
- ‘ That Kings offended Justice shall appease,
- ‘ Debas’d and forc’d, with Anguish, to disown
- ‘ The guilty Splendors of a tarnish’d Crown.
- ‘ I, first, obedient to the solemn Call,
- ‘ Before the POWER of POWERS submissive fall,
- ‘ Constrain’d in humble Silence to adore
- ‘ Counsels too deep for Mortal to explore.
- ‘ And while I prove a temporal Sceptre weak,
- ‘ And feel an earthly Throne beneath Me shake,
- ‘ I seek in Regions of eternal Day
- ‘ A Kingdom that shall never fade away.

H

‘ Let

‘ Let a firm Senate fear no more Alarms,
‘ But cast away their parricidal Arms;
‘ Of great Attempts receive the wish’d Reward,
‘ And henceforth, free from Guilt, their Country guard.
‘ When looking back to this tumultuous Day,
‘ Posterity shall ne’er lamenting say,
‘ Sternly obdurate and severely just,
‘ I trod a rising Empire to the Dust.
‘ No; rather let a wondering World relate
‘ A Sacrifice as my Misfortunes great,
‘ While I a Sovereign’s sacred Rights decline,
‘ And mighty Provinces for Peace resign.
‘ May my deluded People never see
‘ Ills more oppressive than They fear’d from Me,
‘ And find too late their specious Hopes deceiv’d,
‘ Congress despotic, and Themselves enslav’d.

‘ Let ill-tim’d Gaiety be thrown aside,
‘ The Sports of Folly and the Pomp of Pride;
‘ While We, with unsuccessful Labors spent,
‘ Reflect, as Christians, on each sad Event.

‘ War

- ‘ War rages still — an Hydra-headed Fiend !
- ‘ The sharpest Scourge offended Heaven can send.
- ‘ From filthy Avarice She drew her Birth,
- ‘ And fills, with loud Alarms, the frightened Earth.
- ‘ Justice, at her Approach, defenceless flies,
- ‘ And, at her Feet, insulted Mercy dies ;
- ‘ The guilty Homicide obtains her Smile,
- ‘ And the perfidious Traitor shares her Spoil ;
- ‘ To lurking Spies high Honors She awards,
- ‘ And pays the Plunderer with rich Rewards ;
- ‘ Vile Compacts for barbarian Troops She seals,
- ‘ Buys, sells, enslaves, and no Compunction feels ;
- ‘ To sure Destruction drags the destin’d Prey,
- ‘ And throws ten thousand Lives at once away.

- ‘ When from beneath her hated Head She rears,
- ‘ The fertile Field a barren Waste appears ;
- ‘ Fear, Famine, Pestilence, and wild Excess,
- ‘ Conspire the Ruin of the human Race :
- ‘ Rude Anarchy from Laws subverted springs,
- ‘ And Subjects suffer for the Faults of Kings.

‘ See

‘ See trampling Armies those rich Vallies spoil,
‘ Where golden Harvests late were seen to smile!
‘ Those Towns and splendid Palaces behold,
‘ Where Commerce grew, and Heroes dwelt of old,
‘ Now press’d with hostile Storms their Bulwarks fall,
‘ And fierce Assailants scale the tottering Wall!
‘ Great God! what Scenes of horrible Distress
‘ Stain all our Glory, and our Name disgrace!
‘ In vain the frighted Virgin trembling flies,
‘ And rends the Air with unavailing Cries;
‘ No Refuge the pale Victim can obtain,
‘ From Hands defil’d with every sinful Stain.
‘ From her polluted Porch RELIGION turns,
‘ And, for her Rites profan’d, in secret mourns;
‘ While mad with Rage, the sacrilegious Bands,
‘ With Torches blazing in their impious Hands,
‘ Tread her deserted Altars to the Ground,
‘ And spread a sudden Conflagration round;
‘ Then o’er the Slain, tumultuous Triumphs keep,
‘ Beneath the flaming Ruins buried deep.

- ‘ Ah, who the common Loffes can declare,
- ‘ Or paint what the contending Parties bear !
- ‘ How many Villages in Ashes laid !
- ‘ How many Cities folitary made !
- ‘ What Stores of Wealth profufely thrown away,
- ‘ Sink, with our Veffels, in the ftormy Sea !
- ‘ The Debt immense, increafing with thefe Ills,
- ‘ The dizzy Fancy with Amazement fills !
- ‘ To hide, or limit the profound Abyfs,
- ‘ Surpaffes NECKAR’S Thought, and PITT’S Addrefs ;
- ‘ Spite of their ardent Zeal and deep Defigns,
- ‘ The Credit of the wafte’d State declines ;
- ‘ And Heaps of Gold obtain’d on public Truft,
- ‘ To crush fome proud Opponent to the Duft,
- ‘ Succeeding Generations fhall opprefs,
- ‘ And plunge our abject Sons in deep Diffrefs.

- ‘ E’en now, by fad Necessity compell’d,
- ‘ Our Minifters to rigid Prudence yield,
- ‘ New Tributes upon Induftry impofe,
- ‘ And add to every Year’s increafing Woes.

- ‘ The toiling Artift with Refentment burns,
- ‘ And his fad Dwelling to a Dungeon turns,
- ‘ By our oppreffive Laws forbid to fhare
- ‘ The chearful Light, and the falubrious Air.
- ‘ Our Fleets to furnifh, and our Troops maintain
- ‘ We make the burthen’d Labourer complain,
- ‘ Till quitting the infufferable Load,
- ‘ He fearless bathes his dufty Front with Blood ;
- ‘ From Penury and Tears defpairing flies,
- ‘ Arms in our Service, and indignant dies.
- ‘ Ah ! happy, if at leaft our Subjects dy’d,
- ‘ With Heaven and injur’d Juftice on their Side ;
- ‘ Not by Caprice, for dubious Rights, compell’d
- ‘ To brave the Dangers of the fatal Field.
- ‘ And if our Counfellors —— but We forbear
- ‘ Their gloomy Machinations to declare ;
- ‘ May their abhorr’d Defigns reft unreveal’d,
- ‘ Deep in the Shades of endless Night conceal’d.

- ‘ See, o’er yon bloody Plain, neglected fpread
- ‘ Promifcuous Heaps of the unhonor’d Dead !

‘ No friendly Grave, from Insult to conceal,
‘ No Tomb, their melancholy Tale to tell,
‘ But left in ghastly Piles inglorious there,
‘ A grisly Offering to the God of War!
‘ That furious Demon! whose infernal Rage,
‘ No Valor can withstand, no Prayers assuage;
‘ Who loves the haughty Victor to depress,
‘ Undaunted and exulting in Success,
‘ Defends Him first thro’ all the dreadful Day,
‘ Then tantalizing plucks the Prize away
‘ So Pompey’s Conqueror, with Garlands crown’d,
‘ A grave beneath his bloody Laurels found.

‘ When bearing in his Camp the Ark of God,
‘ Intrepid Saul his Enemies pursu’d,
‘ Just Wars alone the mighty Monarch made,
‘ And fearless follow’d where JEHOVAH led:
‘ Yet, tho’ with Heroes of high Heaven enroll’d,
‘ The rising Seer his Destiny foretold,
‘ And on Gilboa’s Heights expos’d He lay,
‘ To his insulting Foes a breathless Prey.

‘ By

‘ By his Example warn’d, like Jesse’s Son,
‘ May We such Ills solicitously shun,
‘ Famine and Pestilence, with Him prefer,
‘ And every threatening Plague, to mortal War.
‘ Our Claims to guard, or Empires to extend,
‘ How long shall We in horrid Arms contend?
‘ From Shore to Shore, pursuing and pursu’d,
‘ Our struggling Forces stain the Earth with Blood;
‘ While lawless Plunderers the Ocean sweep,
‘ And add new Horrors to the howling Deep.
‘ The Ravages of Cortez We renew,
‘ And guiltless Foes with deadly Hate pursue,
‘ Till spoil’d and forc’d from their lov’d Abode,
‘ Barbarians turn and curse the Christian God.

‘ Who can our furious Armies represent,
‘ And their attendant Evils truly paint,
‘ When rang’d in all the awful Pomp of War,
‘ The Hazards of the Fight they proudly dare;
‘ While thro’ their Ranks inspiring Clarions sound,
‘ And waving Ensigns fly unfurl’d around?

‘ *There*, Legions of infernal Passions rage ;
‘ *Here*, countless Vices in our Cause engage ;
‘ A mercenary, execrable Band,
‘ In Scenes of Blood, to Deeds of Horror train’d !
‘ Their hideous Forms the martial Splendors hide,
‘ But when We draw the painted Vail aside,
‘ The Ruffian in the Hero We behold,
‘ And all his odious Character unfold.

‘ The *haughty Sloth* of a corrupted Mind,
‘ Early to Riot and Excess inclin’d,
‘ That now no more with Scorn contemptuous bears
‘ A Father’s Warnings, or a Mother’s Tears.
‘ *Ambition*, fiercer than the Fiends of Hell,
‘ Anxious her innate Fury to conceal,
‘ While armed Myriads at her potent Nod,
‘ To aid her Projects, wade thro’ Seas of Blood.
‘ The *Hatred* that oppress’d Dependence breeds,
‘ And with Suspicions dark in secret feeds,
‘ Constrain’d with many a silent Pang severe,
‘ The galling Yoke of Insolence to bear.

K

‘ *Loathsome*

- ‘ *Loathsome Disease, and Self-consuming Fire,*
 - ‘ *The foul Companions of unchaste Desire.*
 - ‘ *Blind Servitude, insensible and vain,*
 - ‘ *Pleas’d with his Badge, and furbishing his Chain.*
 - ‘ *Servile Regard to Honor’s cruel Laws,*
 - ‘ *Thirsting for Reputation and Applause.*
 - ‘ *The Lion’s deadly Instinct, when He lies,*
 - ‘ *And marks his destin’d Prey with flashing Eyes.*
 - ‘ *Hot Fury, with impetuous Passion fill’d;*
 - ‘ *And Rage, with trembling Agitation wild.*
 - ‘ *Disdainful Pride, with ostentatious Tread,*
 - ‘ *And Fear, by Vanity to Battle led.*
 - ‘ *Pale Vengeance, gnashing his envenom’d Teeth,*
 - ‘ *Dropping with Blood, and meditating Death,*
 - ‘ *As with vindictive Sword, and threatening Cries,*
 - ‘ *He follows where swift Apprehension flies.*
 - ‘ *Timid Remorse, with swelling Courage join’d,*
 - ‘ *This dreading Death, that casting Fear behind.*
 - ‘ *Jealous Distrust. License with boundless Sway,*
 - ‘ *Insatiate Rapine, eager for the Prey.*
- ‘ *Affright,*

‘ *Affright*, with listening Ear, and watchful Eye,
‘ Compass’d with Perils, yet forbid to fly.
‘ The Murderer’s *pale Frenzy*, when He falls,
‘ And on his murdering Foe for Mercy calls.
‘ *Terror*, with shivering Consternation chill’d;
‘ And *agonizing Horror* ghastly wild.
‘ *Despair*, with haggard Front. *Malicious Joy*,
‘ In Death itself exulting to destroy.
‘ In fine; the Thirst of Plunder, Blood, and Fame,
‘ Distinguish and disgrace the Soldier’s Name.

‘ Ah! would these Agents of the hostile God,
‘ Arm’d with our Thunders, and inur’d to Blood;
‘ These licens’d Executioners, who leave
‘ The verdant Plain, one rude enormous Grave;
‘ Who breathing Slaughter to the Ganges run,
‘ And faint beneath the equinoctial Sun —
‘ Would They, outraging Nature’s Laws no more,
‘ Improve the Culture of their native Shore,
‘ And to more worthy Purposes employ
‘ The deadly Steel with which They now destroy.

‘ From

' From Us, at least, far be the hateful Stain,
 ' That blurr'd the vengeful Soul of murdering Cain;
 ' Princes of Peace, unknowing how to share
 ' With angry Demons the Delights of War,
 ' With his illustrious Name may our's be join'd,
 ' Who reign'd the Friend and Favorite of Mankind.

' Scorning alike the Guilt and the Renown,
 ' That dignifies and foils the Victor's Crown,
 ' By Acts beneficent, may We obtain
 ' A nobler Rank in Memory's hallow'd Fane.
 ' Let Us, with Abraham's Zeal, the Weak befriend,
 ' And vanquish'd Kings from lawless Power defend.
 ' Where Discontent and giddy Faction reign,*
 ' Let us the Laws of Equity maintain,
 ' And aid th' insulted Magistrate to quell
 ' Th' imperious Throng, and Force with Force repel.
 ' Or let the willing Exiles, who disdain
 ' To groan beneath an ignominious Chain,

2

' Leaving

* Alluding to the late civil Commotions at Geneva.

‘ Leaving Geneva’s hated Walls behind,
‘ With Us an undisturb’d Asylum find;
‘ Where Worth traduc’d, shall fervent Welcomes meet,
‘ And suffering Piety, a safe Retreat.
‘ For Justice fam’d, let every Nation share
‘ Our equal Wishes, and impartial Care.
‘ To Indian Tribes, by Benefits subdu’d,
‘ Without the Aid of Treachery and Blood,
‘ Let Us each humanizing Art display,
‘ Unshaken Faith, and Virtue’s cloudless Ray:
‘ And let Messina, plung’d in hopeless Woe,
‘ Still trembling under the o’erwhelming Blow,
‘ Some Consolation from our Care receive,
‘ And all that generous Sympathy can give.

‘ True Benefactors to the Human Race,
‘ Let Us the Progeny of Cacus chase,
‘ Thro’ Earth and Ocean hunt the sordid Crew,
‘ And Africk’s plundering Sons with Force subdue;
‘ In his own Fetters the Oppressor bind,
‘ And bid the shackled Slave go unconfin’d.

L

‘ To

‘ To guard their Rights, let every Nation know,
‘ Christian Alcides still sojourn below.
‘ Dragging reluctant from our ravag’d Plains,
‘ *Discord and War*, in adamantine Chains,
‘ Let Us in Triumph those fell Monsters lead,
‘ Who to the Earth expiring Warriors tread;
‘ Who blooming Sons from fainting Mothers tear,
‘ Abandon’d to the Torments of Despair;
‘ Ill-fated Orphans of their Sires bereave,
‘ And Tears alone to hapless Widows leave:
‘ As Christian Potentates, with Olive crown’d,
‘ Let Us the hallow’d Seat of Peace surround,
‘ With grateful Awe, her solemn Rites prepare,
‘ And sacrifice the Blood-stain’d Victims there.

‘ No longer shall our Projects or our Arms
‘ Distract free Countries with confus’d Alarms.
‘ Strict Imitators of our sacred Head,
‘ Tyrants alone shall our Resentment dread,
‘ Constrain’d to lay their boasted Honors low,
‘ And humbly at the Feet of Justice bow:

‘ So

‘ So shall We on Fame’s lofty Summit shine,
‘ With lasting Splendors grac’d, and Wreathes divine.

‘ The God of Peace in solemn Warnings speaks,
‘ And sternly his insulted Sceptre shakes,
‘ With signal Woes corrects our foul Debates,
‘ Mocks our Pretensions, and our Pride defeats.
‘ Our Hosts by fearful Scourges are pursu’d,
‘ In barren Deserts famish’d and subdu’d;
‘ At Saratoga wasted with Distress,
‘ And in Virginia loaded with Disgrace;
‘ Or on Savanna’s Fields in Silence laid,
‘ Their Hopes all perish, and their Laurels fade.

‘ Intrepid KEMPENFELT! unus’d to fear
‘ The brazen Thunder or the glittering Spear!
‘ Thee, shall thy weeping Country long deplore,
‘ Condemn’d to perish on thy native Shore!
‘ In vain the Hero with Success is crown’d,
‘ In vain his rising Honors bloom around,

‘ Thro’

‘ Thro’ all the Perils of the roaring Main,
‘ From all the Shafts of War preserv’d in vain,
‘ Moor’d in the Port, his bright Career He ends,
‘ And to the Deep in martial Pomp descends :
‘ There, of a faithless Element the Scorn,
‘ From all his Hopes in one sad Moment torn,
‘ The slaughtering Art He silently upbraids,
‘ Struggling with Death in undiscover’d Shades !
‘ The trembling Mariners, in speechless Woe,
‘ Plunge with their Chief into the Gulph below ;
‘ And vainly striving o’er the Waves to rise,
‘ Invoking angry Heaven with mingled Cries,
‘ Present the Horrors of that awful Day,
‘ When Israel’s baffled Foes were swept away.

‘ And that proud Vessel, which, with Vauntings vain,
‘ Claim’d the vast Empire of the watry Plain,
‘ Fatal to both her Lords, now speaks of Peace,
‘ In murmuring Sounds from the profound Abyfs.
‘ Late Gallia’s Glory ! now, the Britons’ Tomb !
‘ Envelop’d in impenetrable Gloom,

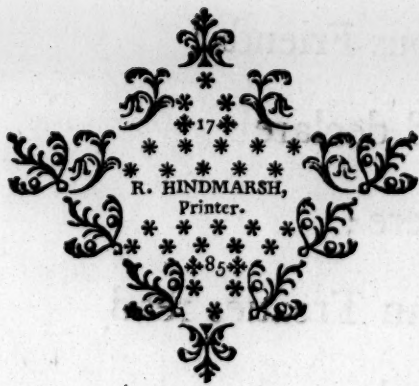
- ‘ To our relenting Hearts She seems to say,
- ‘ While Seas, in vain, would wash her Stains away —
- ‘ *Mortals! behold the Horrors You prepare!*
- ‘ *And tremble at the dire Events of War;*
- ‘ *These are the glorious Trophies You obtain!*
- ‘ *The deadly Fruit of all your Toil and Pain!*
- ‘ *Here, the sad Sequel of your Contests see!*
- ‘ *And bury all your martial Rage with Me.*

The Monarchs pause — the warning Voice approve;
While in each Breast consenting Passions move.
At once the Tumults of Revenge subside,
Benevolence assumes the Place of Pride,
Heaven’s mildest Influence silently descends,
And potent Rivals are illustrious Friends!
Already generous Proofs aloud declare
Their Amity decided and sincere;
And wondering States in solemn Treaties read,
What arbitrating Princes have decreed,
That a new World, with Independence crown’d,
Should rise the Glory of the Nations round.

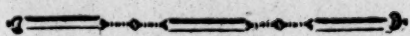
M

Now;

Now, by a Bridge of busy Vessels made,
To Dover's craggy Cliffs from Calais spread,
Triumphing PEACE free Intercourse invites,
And lofty Windsor with Versailles unites.
Beholding Mars in iron Fetters bound,
She pours a Flood of Blessings all around ;
Where blaz'd the Arms of a tumultuous Foe,
Secure She bids the ripening Harvest grow,
And purples in a rich vindemian Flood,
The Hands that late were stain'd with human Blood.



C A N T O III.



A R G U M E N T.

The Joy to which Peace gives Birth—The Advantages which She procures as the Mother of Commerce and the fine Arts, and the Blessings which She is about to heap on the United States of America—The English are consoled for the Sacrifices They have made on her Account, and the French are invited to maintain the Peace They have promoted, till the Return of the Prince of Peace.

THY Songs, sweet PEACE! the listening Nations hear,
 Echo repeats thy Praises from afar,
 The swelling Wave dilates the grateful Sound,
 Till with thy Triumphs distant Worlds resound.
 Cadiz and Brest no more their Arms unite,
 And pour their mingled Squadrons to the Fight;
 But from their mighty Bulwarks, waving high,
 Signals of Peace in tranquil Grandeur fly.

The

The august BOURBONS from their Coasts survey,
 And to the British Fleets high Honors pay;
 While the rich Laurel, which their generous Care
 Allow'd adventurous COOK alone to wear,
 From Paris it's luxuriant Branches spreads,
 And thro' the World it's grateful Influence sheds.

The Heaven-descended Guest, on radiant Wings,
 Bears Consolation from celestial Springs,
 Hastening to free, with her seraphic Hands,
 The captive Warrior from his galling Bands;
 The Soul-reviving Cordial to apply,
 And wipe the Tear from Sorrow's streaming Eye;
 To heal the grisly Wound, and to cement
 The Bones which Discord's iron Hand has rent.
 Ye Cylinders! that with impetuous Roar,
 The Shafts of Death in dreadful Torrents pour,
 And thro' your brazen Mouths aloud declare,
 With mingled Bolts and Fire, the Curse of War;
 Now, by your dreadful Shocks, and harmless Flame,
 Festivity and Peace abroad proclaim;

And thunder out our Kings' immortal Praise,
From Thames to where majestic Ganges strays.

Yes, generous Princes! your benign Decrees
Claim Bursts of Joy, more boundless still than these.
Guarded by You, our friendly Fleets again
Unfurl their Sails, and traverse the rough Main,
Fondly secure the Tempest to outride,
And pour Returns of Wealth on every Side.
The Rustic, late to Battle dragg'd away,
Back to his lowly Cot now bends his Way;
By your paternal Care again restor'd
To his expecting Hearth and frugal Board,
Glad his lov'd Sickle He assays to wield,
And leads his Household to the Harvest Field.
From Dreams of Woe the famish'd Artist wakes,
And his neglected Tools exulting takes;
Hope cheers his Heart, Joy sparkles in his Eyes,
With ready Hand his busy Trade He plies,
Dwells on your Praises thro' the lengthening Day,
And drives, with ceaseless Songs, his Cares away.

Fam'd SHELBURNE! and thou sage VERGENNES! who stood
To plead the Cause of Christians bath'd in Blood,
Who, Advocates for Peace, to hostile Thrones
Enforc'd your Countries agonizing Groans!
Exalted Honors, in Return, are due,
For Scenes of tranquil Joy restor'd by You;
Rever'd and lov'd, may You for ever share
The glorious Fruits of your auspicious Care.
Boasting the Desolation They have made,
Let Victor Chiefs seek Honors that degrade;
Charm'd with the Pomp of a triumphal Day,
Let Them their Trophies to the World display,
Their glittering Spoils in rich Profusion spread,
And captive Kings in iron Shackles lead:
You pour Contempt upon the passing Show,
And bid the Conquerors unenvied go,
Enjoy the idle Pageantry of State,
And proudly pass the Capitolian Gate.
From your Exploits more lasting Glory springs,
Ye Reconcilers of contending Kings!

While

While with heroic Virtue You prepare
To blunt the Shafts, and quench the Flames of War.
Oh! still, on sacred Enterprizes bent,
The World's great Mediator represent;
Till borne with Him, on radiant Cars You rise,
Wafted in solemn Triumph thro' the Skies,
The light Balloon outsoaring far away,
(The flimzy, Air-built Wonder of the Day) .
Than Montgolfiers a Flight more lofty try,
Drawn by the rapid Steeds of the MOST HIGH.

To stagnant Commerce PEACE new Life imparts,
PEACE, the prolific Parent of the Arts!
Beneath whose animating Smile they grow,
To ornament and cheer this Vale of Woe.
A Phidias toils, impatient to express
The CZAR * triumphant in eternal Brass.
Le Brun still bids the living Canvass glow,
And every savage Scene of Battle show;

Where

* A beautiful equestrian Statue, which the Empress of Russia is erecting at Peterburg, to the Honor of Peter the Great.

Where marking all the Soldier's brutal Rage,
Horror and Pity fill the musing Sage.

When Cesar Janus' brazen Gates had barr'd,
Then tuneful Virgil's matchless Strains were heard;
And Paris with no hostile Clamors rung,
When fam'd Voltaire the Deeds of Henry sung.
Where some clear Stream it's lonely Way pursues,
There solitary fits the timid Muse;
Or meditating thro' the Wood alone,
Recounts what Herculean Arms have done;
But in the Field of Mars her Voice is drown'd,
Amid' the stormy Battle's louder Sound.
Racine no soft Emotions could impart,
Nor thrill with Ecstasy the freezing Heart,
While Drums and Trumpets pour harsh Notes around,
And deep-mouth'd Cannons shake the solid Ground.
The Gallic Muse, that with triumphing Joy
Pourtrays the bloody Scenes of Fontenoy,
Had She intrepid Cumberland beheld,
Like a wild Tempest sweeping o'er the Field,

Compelling her astonish'd Saxe to fly,*
And resolute to conquer or to die,
Her agitated Hand had dropp'd the Lyre,
And chilling Fear extinguish'd all her Fire.

Fair PEACE! by Thee to untry'd Blifs We rise,
Till Earth becomes the Rival of the Skies;
And couldst Thou in the Depths of Hell appear,
A blooming Paradise would open there.
Offspring of Heaven! by Thee sage Princes reign,
And happy Citizens their Rights maintain.
Foster'd by Thee, on yonder wasted Strand,
Long ravag'd by War's desolating Hand,
Another England rises into Fame,
And adds new Worth to her illustrious Name.
No longer shall my Muse lamenting see
Fierce Abfaloms in foul Conspiracy,
Daring all filial Reverence to disown,
And eager to subvert a Father's Throne: —

O

Far

* The first Assault of the English in that Battle was so terrible, that the French Lines were obliged to give Way.

Far other Scenes, delighted, She beholds,
Where, with his circling Arms, the Sire enfolds
His favor'd Sons, allows their feeble Plea,
And bids Them live brave, fortunate, and free.

Now, by no foreign Policy controld,
High Rank with sovereign Princes Patriots hold,
And, resolute, maintain unbounded Sway
O'er Provinces unpractis'd to obey.
Hence, free from warlike Toils and stern Debate;
These friendly Rivals of a parent State
By growing Virtues their Descent shall prove,
Each liberal Art aspiring to improve,
Till other LOCKES and MILTONS shall be born,
Ages remote to polish and adorn.
Mean-while, by unabating Zeal constrain'd,
With Truth's mysterious Volume in their Hand,
They visit Superstition's dark Abodes,
And point Barbarians to the GOD of GODS:
What Time, directed by the Star of Day,
With Anson urging their adventurous Way,

Their

Their glowing Course They now impetuous run,
Where the Moor blackens in the sultry Sun;
And now, at the bright Portals of the East,
Meet fair Aurora in her purple Vest;
Fixing their Standard on remotest Shores,
And bearing Home rich tributary Stores.
Happy! if jealous Envy ne'er descry
Their spreading Honors with malicious Eye,
Nor Interest beckon from their Seats below
The Furies that delight in human Woe.

Intrepid Britons! from your happy Isle,
Indulgent on their rising Cities smile.
Behold your Sons in awful Senate sit,
With the United States beneath their Feet,
And ceasing their first Homage to constrain,
Yield up America's immense Domain.
So with his vigorous Sons a Parent deals,
And while his Heart with fond Affection swells,
Gently relaxes his controlling Care,
And bids them his divided Fortune share.

From

From You their generous Thirst of Freedom came,
Their Temper and their Origin the same;
And now, to sovereign Grandeur They aspire,
Led by your Steps, and glowing with your Fire:
Ah! labour not to blast the grand Design,
Nor at their brilliant Destiny repine.
In vain You menace Them with brandish'd Arms,
Benevolence has more prevailing Charms;
By Virtue your superior Greatness prove,
Meet Them with Peace, and vanquish Them with Love.
Thus, by new Mercies, the great KING of KINGS
Rebellious Spirits to his Footstool brings;
And thus a stubborn Soul, by Grace subdu'd,
Defends the Christians whom He late pursu'd,
To his insulted Lord relenting turns,
And in his Cause with Zeal redoubled burns.

Too happy People, opulent and free,
Whose Monarchs are the Friends of Liberty!
With Nature's vast Profusion crown'd at Home,
Beyond rich Albion's Limits cease to roam;

And taught true Wisdom from th' historic Page,
To proud Iberia leave a Conqueror's Rage.
Depopulated Boetica in vain
Beholds her Princes o'er Peruvia reign;
Spite of her Gold all desolate She stands,
Shock'd at her own uncultivated Lands,
And oft perceives, oppress'd with trembling Fear,
Pale Famine on her gloomy Wastes appear.

Commerce, too far extended, will enerve
The weaken'd State it promises to serve;
While the licentious Thirst of Treasure leads
To rash Adventure, and unworthy Deeds.
Let the deluded Hollander alone,
Restless from Shore to Shore infatiate run,
And for his Country, with industrious Care,
The awful Fate of hapless Tyre prepare:
Viewing the impious Wretch with just Disdain,
Who barter unconcern'd his God for Gain,*

P

Leave

* The Emperor of Japan having made a Law to prohibit Christians from entering into his Dominions, it is said, the Dutch renounced Christ, for the Sake of trafficking with the Japanese, by
trampling

Leave Him those baneful Riches to enjoy,
Which Luxury shall waste, or War destroy.

To persevering Industry We owe
Advantages which Gold can ne'er bestow.
Ah, let no Hand it's useful Toil forbear,
Till your wide Commons, and your Wool prepare,
Boston will gratefully repay your Pain,
And *tributary* still to Art remain.
Anxious your Rights uninjur'd to secure,
Poise, with unwavering Hand, the Scales of Power;
And warn'd, by the perceptible Decay
Of Empires cumber'd with extensive Sway,
Concentre all your Force, be truly great,
And rule with Ease a well-compacted State.

When, with unerring Skill, the Power supreme,
Last of his Works, compos'd the human Frame,

Subject

trampling a Crucifix under their Feet. It is probable, these Adventurers meant only to tread under Foot the Romish Superstition; yet there was something in the Action that would have better become Jews than Christians. This Anecdote, however, regards some few Individuals, without reflecting Disgrace upon Holland as a State, in which there are Thousands who have distinguished themselves equally by their Piety and Disinterestedness.

Subject to the strong Motions of the Heart,
He form'd the Mechanism of every Part,
And in that ruling Muscle fix'd the Seat
Of central Energy, and vital Heat.
So in a Body politic, the Hand
Should move at the controlling Heart's Command ;
And when Disease attacks some distant Part,
Raging in Spite of every lenient Art,
Left the endanger'd Body should decay,
Th' infected Member must be lopp'd away.

 If far from Britain, under other Skies,
The western India wide extended lies ;
If swelling Seas your distant Coasts divide,
More than her own unconquerable Pride ;
Then, should the sovereign Power, who reigns alone,
O'er the leagu'd States erect a lofty Throne,
And lift a Subject, by his mighty Hand,
To princely Honors, and supreme Command ;
Who may, in Person, ready Succours yield,
In Counsel wise, and dreadful in the Field ; —

Seek

Seek not to counteract the just Decree,
But own the over-ruling Deity ;
Your ancient Claims no more with Force defend,
Nor vainly with celestial Strength contend ;
At once all future Sovereignty disclaim,
And universal Liberty proclaim ;
That Congress, won by your indulgent Care,
May learn to honour, whom They scorn'd to fear.

Your Union then immoveable shall stand,
On Virtue founded, and by Peace maintain'd,
When the two Empires shall consenting feel
Revenge less glorious than the public Weal.
Then fierce Provincials Courtesy shall learn,
Instructed their true Interests to discern ;
The Peasant shall the woody Forest clear,
The Merchant his Commodities prepare,
Genius to full Maturity shall rise,
The Wilderness become a Paradise.
And where the stately Current winds along,
Cities shall stand magnificent and strong,

Inlets to flowing Wealth, for ever free
From heavy Imposts, and fierce Tyranny;
One Language shall the kindred Countries join,
While both, with mingled Lustre, brighter shine.
Let Jealousy, with fordid Envy join'd,
Raise Terrors in a Tyrant's restless Mind,
And teach Him to regard with stern Regret,
The spreading Commerce of a rival State.
While both the Christian Worlds their Interests join,
And in firm Leagues of Amity combine,
The Passages of Traffic to unbar,
And in the rich Abundance freely share.
May Commerce, unconfin'd, her Blessings pour
On every neighbouring Coast, and distant Shore;
To unenlighten'd Savages impart
The happy Produce of each useful Art;
And choosing, in Return, a varied Store,
Restrain'd by no monopolizing Power,
Waft o'er the swelling Wave, without Control,
The Riches of the Tropic and the Pole;

Q

Then

Then in a thousand Ports her Wealth display ;
As the bright Sun emits the peaceful Day,
And wakes no Envy, tho' his streaming Rays,
Unbounded, on a thousand Nations blaze.

And You, mild Friends of Cook, illustrious Foes!
If, ere in Paris, Peace receiv'd our Vows;
If, from all Nations, You distinguish'd stand,
By polish'd Manners, and Demeanor bland;
If foreign Courts with Emulation glow,
And Kings to You their soft Refinements owe ;
Then teach the generous Hero to retain
His gentle Habits on the martial Plain ;
To the fierce Soldier Sympathy impart,
Restrain his Fury, humanize his Heart ;
And Colonists undisciplin'd, excite,
Urbanity with Courage to unite.
But chiefly Thou, VERGENNES! whose Counsels sage
Preserve thy Country, and exalt the Age!
To a sad Captive speed unhop'd Relief,
Snatch Vengeance from an irritated Chief,

And, with impassion'd Gratitude replete,
See rescu'd Apgill prostrate at thy Feet.

On Mississippi's far extended Coasts,
Where gleam'd the Banners of contending Hosts,
May friendly Nations, by your guardian Care,
Garlands of never-fading Olive wear;
While on an hundred Vessels, lifted high,
The LION and the LILY mingled fly.

Now, leaving the astonish'd Earth behind,
And signalizing his undaunted Mind,
Wafted to an immeasurable Height,
The Aeronaut essays an untry'd Flight.—
With Peace the daring Art first takes it's Rise,
Let it to War afford no new Supplies;
Ah, may it never thro' the yielding Air
Bands of infernal Desperadoes bear,
Instructed to surmount the threatening Tower,
And on our Towns sulphureous Tempests shower.

Rather,

Rather, abjuring all their jealous Pride,
Cold Prejudice for ever cast aside,
May the firm Briton with the Frank appear,
Asserting the Dominion of the Air,
And inattentive to the boisterous Tide,
With keen-eyed Science smiling at their Side,
An untry'd Course in their light Bark explore,
From rocky Albion to the Gallic Shore:
Then soft descending on that spacious Plain,*
Where their saluting Sovereigns once were seen,
As public Heralds, by Commission bear,
And fix the Flag of Peace triumphant there.

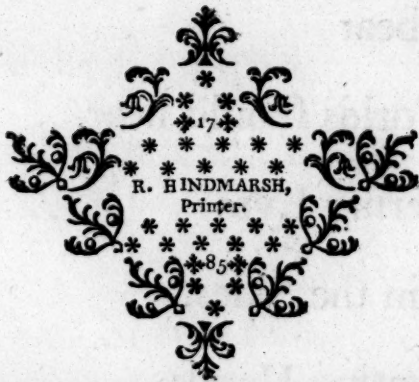
May French Activity, and British Fire,
In the same glorious Enterprize conspire;
And by the Deity's strong Impulse driven,
Fulfilling the august Designs of Heaven,

Darkness

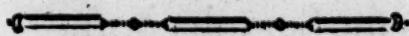
* Messrs. Blanchard and Jefferies, when they crossed the Channel, had in their Gondola a Flag of Peace, which they fixed either on or near the Champ de drap d'or; the famous Plain where Francis I. and Henry VIII. had an Interview, in which they displayed all their Magnificence.

Darkness and Error from their Minds dispel,
Who on the Banks of bleak Ontario dwell;
Visit unpolish'd Tribes with Arts divine,
Exalt their Hopes, their Sentiments refine,
And for celestial Truth prepare the Way,
As Harbingers of everlasting Day.
Ah! may We never, as our barbarous Sires,
Supply their untrain'd Hands with vengeful Fires,
Nor by our propagated Crimes expose
Their Country to irreparable Woes;
But rather to a docile People bear
Tidings which congregated Worlds should hear,
And steadily direct their wondering Eyes
To Scenes of Glory opening in the Skies.
So shall They offer their consenting Hands,
And gladly court indissoluble Bands;
To liberal Princes their Attachment prove,
And glowing with disinterested Love,
To GEORGE and LEWIS grateful Songs address,
And lasting Praises to the PRINCE of PEACE; —

Till the bright Dawn of that eternal Day,
When Christ his brilliant Standard shall display,
And glorious on his everlasting Throne,
Reign KING of KINGS, and LORD of LORDS alone.



C A N T O IV.



A R G U M E N T.

A Description of Christ's peaceable Kingdom—The Happiness of the Just, and the Glory of those Kings who have procured Peace—This Happiness communicates itself to all Nature—The fiercest Animals feel the sweet Effects of Christ's pacific Sceptre, and all Mankind repeat together the Hymn which Angels began at the Birth of the Messiah.

ATTENDED once with Infamy and Shame,
To a rebellious World Messiah came;
No solemn Honors to his Name were paid,

A thorny Wreath disgrac'd his sacred Head,
And while mock Pageants bow'd on every Side,
Blasphem'd and scorn'd, th' insulted Savior dy'd.
But the rejected Prophet shall appear,
A second Time, triumphant in the Air,

His

His Foes with dazzling Splendors to confound,
And trample stern Oppressors to the Ground.
Heaven now throws open it's eternal Gates,
And Earth in awful Expectation waits,
When on the Wings of radiant Seraphs borne,
Our long-expected Monarch shall return.
His mourning Followers, with uplifted Eyes,
Invoke their promis'd Leader from the Skies;
While in Support of patient Faith and Prayer,
His last-recorded Oracles declare,
The Righteous Sufferer's exalted Friend
From his high Throne shall suddenly descend,
Tumult and Guilt for ever to subdue,
And fashion the degenerate World anew.

Already Hope, before my ravish'd Eyes,
Bids lovely PEACE in endless Prospects rise;
And thro' the Vail of flow-revolving Years,
A renovated Universe appears.
As Ocean's rushing Surges sweep along,
So Floods of Grace, as rapid and as strong,

The Mountains of opposing Guilt remove,
And overflow the Earth with Truth and Love.
Converted Heathens bend the willing Knee!
From Sin and Death the labouring World is free!
Jerusalem exalted stands alone!
And haughty Babylon is trodden down!
The Nazarene, by Porphyry disown'd,
Extends his Empire o'er the Nations round.
From Pole to Pole dishonour'd and o'erthrown,
Tyrants beneath the Stroke of Vengeance groan,
And chac'd away, with Discord, Vice, and Woe,
Despairing plunge into the Gulph below.

Thrice happy They! who with unwearied Pain
To fierce conflicting Kingdoms Peace obtain!
Their consecrated Labors to reward,
Crowns of unfading Glory are prepar'd.
Their Exaltation Angel Bands declare,
E'en now their mingled Voices strike the Ear,
And in more animating Numbers pour,
What the enraptur'd Prophet sung before.

‘ Messiah comes, in Majesty restor’d!
‘ And Nations lift no more the slaughtering Sword.
‘ Let every dazzled Eye salute the Day,
‘ And every glowing Heart glad Homage pay.
‘ The Monster, that for Ages unsubdu’d,
‘ Has delug’d the polluted Earth with Blood,
‘ He comes, with blasting Thunders to dethrone,
‘ And claim the Kingdoms of the World his own.
‘ The Child mysterious once by Promise given,
‘ Now crown’d with the Magnificence of Heaven,
‘ And hastening to complete his People’s Bliss,
‘ Returns victorious as the PRINCE of PEACE!
‘ Firmly on his supporting Shoulder stay’d,
‘ The Empire of the Universe is laid,
‘ And all his dignified Disciples prove
‘ His Service, Freedom; and his Sceptre, Love.
‘ On his triumphal Chariot seated high,
‘ He leads the conquering Armies of the Sky;
‘ In his right Hand, still mark’d with glorious Scars,
‘ The Bolts of the Omnipotent He bears,

- ‘ And thundering dreadful on his startled Foe,
- ‘ Bruises the Serpent’s Head, and lays Him low.
- ‘ Ten Thousand Thousands speak his Name abroad,
- ‘ The EVERLASTING SIRE! the MIGHTY GOD!
- ‘ Despair and Death his potent Word obey;
- ‘ Solicitude and Sorrow flee away;
- ‘ The Captives to their strong Deliverer turn,
- ‘ And Sion’s suffering Children cease to mourn.
- ‘ His scrutinizing Eye at once pervades
- ‘ Immeasurable Space, obscurest Shades,
- ‘ And at his Smile, ineffably benign,
- ‘ Their Rage the boisterous Elements resign,
- ‘ In their primeval Order taught to move,
- ‘ Obedient to the Laws of sovereign Love.
- ‘ It’s pristine State, the alter’d Earth resumes,
- ‘ Again, with added Beauties, Eden blooms,
- ‘ Eternal Spring, with never-fading Grace,
- ‘ Spreads it’s fair Mantle over every Place,
- ‘ And lavish Autumn from exhaustless Stores,
- ‘ Thro’ all the Year diffusive Plenty pours.’

But

But who are They, with Dignity serene,
The most conspicuous in the splendid Scene,
Who, high advanc'd above the glorious Throng,
Exulting lead the Sons of Heaven along,
Whose shining Aspect, and majestic Air,
Add Lustre to the Diadems They wear?
These are illustrious Chiefs, of sacred Name,
And Viceroy's of the Potentate supreme!
Who in Defence of sinking Virtue stood,
And, with just Rage, Impiety pursu'd!
There, righteous ALFRED takes his royal Place!
There, TITUS blooming moves with radiant Grace!
And smiling at their Side, of heavenly Mien,
The white-rob'd Ministers of Peace are seen,
Who greatly, with restraining FLEURY, strove
To melt impetuous Monarchs into Love.

Equal to these, two shining Youths appear,
Still lov'd on Earth, and mention'd with a Tear.
*This,** early ravish'd from the British Throne,
Was summon'd to a more exalted Crown;

That,

* Edward VI.

*That,** France remembers with severe Regret,
The rising Hope of a distracted State,
Who, train'd to Glory by a Mentor sage,†
Liv'd the Josiah of a christian Age:
As the same Virtues mark'd their Course below,
So with one Flame their kindred Spirits glow.
Bright Pair! for Whom our Sorrows We renew,
May our admiring Kings your Steps pursue;
By Faith illumin'd, and by Justice led,
May They on all the Powers of Evil tread,
And to a gazing World enraptur'd prove
The sacred Pleasures of fraternal Love!

Exalted Monarchs! whose immortal Names
The Muse thro' every passing Age proclaims!
Ye knew the Weal of Nations to secure,
By the just Use of delegated Power.

T

Preserv'd

* The Duke of Burgundy, Father of Lewis XV.

† Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray.

Preferv'd from mad Ambition's wasting Fire,
And plac'd above the Reach of low Desire,
As Images of the Eternal Mind,
Your Virtues were sublime and unconfin'd.
Glowing with filial Love and Zeal sincere,
Your happy Subjects knew no servile Fear;
Their willing Hearts in sweet Obedience mov'd,
While You the tender Care of Fathers prov'd;
And now, superior Honors You obtain,
The first and brightest of the heavenly Train.

The kindling Fervors of supreme Delight,
Encircling You with Beams of sacred Light,
Give to your radiant Forms the high Impress
Of full Salvation, and consummate Bliss.
Glory and Grace eternally combine,
Reign in your Hearts, and on your Foreheads shine.

The blooming Tints, that sweetly-blended glow,
Inimitable, in the watry Bow;

The

The variegated Splendors that adorn
The closing Eve, or gild the opening Morn,
All, for your agile Bodies, heighten'd join
To form a Vestment sumptuous and divine.
The soften'd Gravity of ripest Years,
With the Vivacity of Youth appears,
Tempering with every manly Charm, the Rays
Of awful Majesty that round You blaze.
From your pure Spirits Clouds of Incense rise,
In one uninterrupted Sacrifice;
And grateful thro' the salutiferous Air,
Celestial Odors You exhale from far;
While Heaven's dread Sire continues to employ
Your Ministration for his People's Joy.

Your generous Breasts with noblest Passions swell,
Where sacred Truth and awful Justice dwell.
Nature and Science to your piercing Eye,
With all their grand Arcana open lie.
Greater than David's memorable Son,
When Wisdom unperverted grac'd his Throne,

The

The hidden Things of Darkneſs You ſurvey,
In the full Luſtre of unclouded Day;
And form'd the Glories of your Lord to ſhare,
With Tokens of Divinity appear.
Where'er You tread, freſh Verdure decks the Ground,
And fragrant Flowers ſpontaneous bloom around;
At your Approach, Volcanos, Winds, and Seas,
Partake with Man the tranquil Joys of Peace;
Nature, delighted, her own Muſic hears,
And, ſmiling, in her lovelieſt Dreſs appears.

To your ſublimar Excellence 'tis given,
To copy the Beneficence of Heaven,
And all Creation's humbler Orders prove
The Influence of your evangelic Love.
Free from the Pride that fir'd his vengeful Soul,
The Warrior learns his Fury to control;
Mercy fits ſmiling on his ſofter'd Brow,
His glittering Sabre arms the fruitful Plough,
His vigorous Arm unwonted Labor knows,
And from his uſeful Toil rich Plenty flows.

By Peace conducted, at your hallow'd Feet,
The timid Lamb and fondling Lion meet;
Undaunted Hinds dismiss their jealous Fear,
And fawning Tigers lie disporting there.
The lisping Infant, in his frolic Play,
Directs, with feeble Bands, fierce Beasts of Prey,
Presses the Panther to his fearless Breast,
Or thrusts his Hand into the Viper's Nest;
The soaring Vulture his soft Call attends,
And fluttering with the tuneful Lark descends;
And as the ravish'd Falcon near Her fits,
The plaintive Turtle her wild Note repeats.

The feather'd Choirs in every echoing Wood,
And on the Banks of every winding Flood,
Announcing Peace, their warbling Voices blend,
And for the Prize of Harmony contend.
Diffusive thro' the undulating Air,
The varied Concert captivates the Ear,
The ravish'd Soul with soft Emotion thrills,
And thro' the placid World symphonious swells;

U

But

But Mufic ftill more rapturous and refin'd,
Moves in the Heart, and elevates the Mind.

On a new Earth, with blooming Grace array'd,
Beneath a brighter Heaven divinely fpread,
Our happy Days fhall glide fecure from Fear,
Unftain'd with Guilt, unfullied with a Tear.
The terrifying Trumpet's shrill Alarms
No more fhall rouse the tranquil World to Arms,
But in the Courts of our celestial King,
Seraphic Bands fhall ftrike the tuneful String,
Swelling from Age to Age their lofty Lays,
With Songs of Peace, and Sounds of folemn Praise.

Princes renouncing Jealoufy and Pride,
Th' Eternal lays his Thunderbolts afide;
While animated with one common Flame,
Sovereigns with Citizens their Lord proclaim,
Exulting bow to the redeeming God,
And wrapt in Adoration, cry aloud——

C A N T O I V .

79

‘ *Messiah reigns ! by every Tongue confess’d,*
‘ *Triumphant Lord of all, for ever bless’d !*
‘ *Let Heaven’s bright Hosts, in one grand Chorus join’d,*
‘ *With all the mingling Tribes of Humankind,*
‘ *PEACE upon Earth, in endless Transports sing,*
‘ *And GLORY to our EVERLASTING KING.’*

F I N I S .



• Meads reign! by every Tongue confid'
 • Triumphs and Lord of all, for ever blest!
 • Let Heaven's bright Host, in one grand Chorus join,
 • With all the mingling Tribes of Humankind,
 • Peace upon Earth, in endless Triumphs join,
 • And Glory to our Everlasting King.

F I N I S

